

# THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

## Boys' and Girls' Department

### Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

### POETRY.

#### A New America.

A young Hungarian-American, Robert Loveman, has written a beautiful poem laudatory of his adopted country which carries an exceedingly strong appeal to our patriotism.

"The fairest land, the rarest land,  
The land we love the best,  
Is our own land that staunch doth stand  
And  
A tower in the west;  
An ocean wide on either side,  
The gulf beneath her feet,  
The very name America  
Doth make our pulses beat.

"The sweetest land, the fittest land,  
The land where freedom dwells,  
Is our own land of mountains  
And clover-covered dells;  
One joyous vast republic,  
God! How we cherish her,  
The very name America  
Doth make our bosoms stir.

"America, America,  
O may we die for thee,  
Proclaiming unto all the earth  
Our love of liberty;  
America, America,  
Our banner is unfurled,  
The mean of democracy  
Shall ring about the world."

#### One Little Part

By L. E. C.  
I pray for sweet peace that the horrors of war  
May pass from our beautiful world,  
That no more we may hear the cannons' loud roar,  
That the banner of peace be unfurled.  
But I have no courage nor wisdom nor skill  
The thoughts of great nations to sway,  
While treading the pathway up life's weary hill.  
For the mighty I only can pray.

While I have no wisdom nor wealth I can give,  
A few earnest words I can speak  
For the innocent creatures around me that live—  
God's little ones humble and meek.  
The little wild dwellers in woodland and grove,  
So harmless, so merry and gay,  
Do leave them in peace through their green haunts to rove,  
Nor darken their brief happy day.

I speak for our friends on the hot dusty street  
Who toll the long weary day through  
And often with harshness and negligence meet—  
Dumb, helpless, yet faithful and true—  
Glad if I may help them less suffering to know  
Ere they sleep 'neath the green grassy sod  
And their souls—if they have souls, I think that they do—  
Are at rest in the blessedness of God.

#### UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Uncle Jed had a bouquet of roses sent to him and noticed upon the leaves a cluster of eggs which he recognized as the eggs of an insect. They looked like white enamel beads with a black enamel spot in the center as round as round could be and under a magnifying glass each one seemed to be a perfect gem. He did not throw the leaf away but threw it into a large bottle to see what would come from them.

In ten days or so there was a colony of jet black caterpillars. Then he put wet sand in a jar, covered with paper, stuck in a spray of rose leaves and watched the little fellows feed and grow for weeks. They cast off their black dress and wore a brown one; then they wore a green one all covered with black pointed stinging hairs; and then they had white and reddish-purple lines running the whole length of their body and Uncle Jed knew they were Emperor moths, the book name of which is Saturnia Io.

These are handsome creatures that fly by night and lay eggs upon the wild cherry and other plants in late May and June. They keep together in their early days having the social habit, but disperse later adopting the solitary habit or habit of feeding alone.

The beautiful, erect, brown and yellow moths with velvet wings spin a very thin, silken cocoon upon the ground and cover it with litter which makes it look like the earth itself and

it is very difficult to find beneath the lower stone of a wall or in the scattered leaves.

This moth seems to be the connecting link between the moths which burrow in the ground and the great moths which spin thick silken cocoons for their protection upon the branches. It climbs like the rest to feed but when it seeks winter quarters it grovels on the earth and finds shelter in its half-clad condition by a heavy covering of leaves.

This is the way Wide-Awakes may learn what tiny objects are which they come across in the garden.

### THE WINNERS OF PRIZES.

- 1—Geraldine Gareau of Southbridge, Mass.—The Blue Grass Seminary Girls.
- 2—Arlene Pearl of Augusta, Me.—Phil Bradley's Winning Way.
- 3—Catherine C. Lawton of Warrenville—The Broncho Rider Boys.
- 4—Miriam Shershevsky of Norwich—A Thrift Stamp.
- 5—Horace Peckham of Lebanon—The Boy Chums in Florida.
- 6—Walter V. Gavigan of Williamantic—The Boy Scouts in Maine Woods.
- 7—Helen E. Frink of Norwich—When a Man's a Man.
- 8—Rose Weiner of Norwich—The Red Cross Girls With the Russian Army.

Prize winners living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Grace Mahoney, of Colchester: Thank you very much for the Thrift Stamp I received. I was surprised when I got it.

Mary Pelechats, of Williamantic: Many thanks for my prize book, The Navy Boys at the Siege of Havana. I think it is very interesting.

Helen E. Frink, of Norwich: I think you very much for the Thrift Stamp you awarded me. I will try to win more in the future.

### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Gleaners.  
At one time, some years ago, there was very little work and many poor people had not even enough bread to eat. To help them a kind man offered to give a loaf of bread to every one who asked for it.

A great many went for the bread, and each one seemed to try to get the largest loaf. All except one little girl, who waited till the others were helped. Then she took what was offered to her, said "Thank you!" and went off happy.

This happened more than once, and the man who gave away the bread saw how modest the child was.

One day, when the girl's mother broke the loaf to give it to her hungry little ones, she found four or five dollars. The good woman was surprised.

"These are not ours," she said. "Take them back to him who gave you the loaf."

"The child did as she was told," said the man. "I have watched you from day to day. While you needed help, she came as much as anyone you waited till the others were helped. These dollars are your reward. Give them to your mother. The mother of such a child is a good woman, I am sure."

GERALDINE GAREAU, Age 12, Southbridge, Mass.

### My Immigration to America.

On account of the French Revolution, I decided to embark to America, where I could be a free man and not have to bear persecution.

After being on the seas for many days the thrilling cry of "Land!" was given from the "watch" of the vessel. None but those who have been there before can form an idea of the delicious throngs of feelings that rush into a Frenchman's bosom when he comes in sight of New York. It is the land of freedom in which everyone has his own rights, and France and America have long been friendly countries.

From this time forth he is in feverish excitement. One great thing that impresses an immigrant is the gigantic Statue of Liberty which is the sign of Peace and Freedom to all newcomers.

I noticed the ships of war that prowled about guarding the coast against any kind of foe.

Our voyage was not over yet, for our next stop was at Ellis Island, where our eyes must be tested and our whole body examined before we were allowed to depart to the homes of our relatives.

As I was standing on the deck of the steamer waiting to land, I caught sight of a man who thought himself the most important of the crowd. I judged so by nothing but his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets and he was whistling and walking to and fro. He was one of the owners of the ship.

All at once a woman stepped out of the crowd. She was of humble dress and looked sad and disappointed, for she could find her friend. Suddenly I heard a faint voice call her by name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all of the voyage, and had



Eleventh Prize, \$0.25.  
ONE OF THE GREATEST MOTHERS IN THE WORLD, by Stella Boleau of Goodyear, Conn.

excited the sympathy of all on board.  
HORACE PECKHAM, Age 13, Lebanon.

### Longfellow.

Perhaps the most beloved and widely read of American poets is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A greater prophet of beauty never lived, save the immortal Shakespeare, than the poet-teacher of Cambridge. His works have a charm which cannot be defined in mere words; a beauty of expression which only the cultured soul can fully appreciate.

The one who said: "The poetry of Longfellow is a gospel of good-will set to music. It has carried sweetness and light to thousands of homes. It is blended with our holiest affections and our immortal hopes." has voiced the appreciation of millions in his words.

I know of no poet, living or dead, who has written such thoroughly enjoyable poems. His works have a certain life-giving effluence about them which refresh one's soul as the sparkling waters of the oasis do the tired and famished traveler.

His "Courtship of Miles Standish," telling of the love of John Alden for Priscilla Mullens, with the scene laid at historic Plymouth, is one of the most exquisite romances ever immortalized in verse.

Then his "Evangeline," immortalizing the expulsion of the Acadians, with its beautiful descriptive passages and sweet heroine, will ever delight the true lover of poetry.

"Hiawatha" is perhaps the best known of his longer poems, as since its first publication the whole or selections from it have been reprinted in countless volumes of verse and countless schoolbooks; it is written in a peculiar metre and in its simplicity of beauty must be read carefully to be fully appreciated. It will always rank as one of the masterpieces of American literature—a lasting memorial of the life and traditions of the now almost extinct Indian.

Besides these notable epics, Longfellow has given us some prose and a great many shorter poetical pieces. "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Children's Hour" are charmed by a chorus of youthful voices in almost every schoolroom in the country.

What better memorial could a poet have than to have engraven upon the hearts of thousands his most priceless words?

Longfellow's poems are cherished by almost every American as standing for the highest and noblest ideals of the nation. This love of Longfellow is not provincial, nor is it alone national; it is almost universal. England has shown her appreciation by placing a bust of Longfellow in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. If the beautiful philosophy contained in some of Longfellow's poetry had been taught in German schools instead of the gospel of hate, conscience might play some part in the making up of German character.

How appropriate today are these words from Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship":

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our homes are all with thee.  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

Although written many years ago, we have no grander words to express the spirit of the American people towards their government than this selection from their beloved poet.

WALTER V. GAVIGAN, Williamantic.

### A Brave Soldier.

There was once a man, nicely built, just fit to pass the examinations for war. The man's name was Lincoln Spear, and in a few months he was called to the colors. First he was sent to Camp Devens, for a few months of good training, and then he was sent to France. He did not like there, he liked

at the seashore, by Eloise C. Smith of Norwich.

Eighth Prize, \$0.25.

AT THE SEASHORE, by Eloise C. Smith of Norwich.

## WIDE-AWAKE STORIES

### EVERGREEN INN.

By Louise M. Haynes.

"Quick! Ned! Get up and look out the window! The snow has drifted the night so much, it must be ten feet deep out there!" Henry hopped about excitedly.

Ned leaped out of bed and ran to the window.

"Let's dig a tunnel this morning to the big spruce-tree," he cried. "Hooray!"

Both boys dressed as quickly as possible and were soon through their breakfast and ready to go out in the snow.

"We can start down the path shovel, and begin to tunnel where the drift is so high," Henry said overjoyed.

The boys worked fast as the snow was light and the tunnel progressed rapidly.

"What would become of us if it caved in?" Ned asked.

"In don't believe we would have a very hard time to dig ourselves to the top, because you see the snow is not heavy," Henry said overjoyed.

Suddenly a light came into the tunnel at the end where they were digging, and through the opening they saw the loveliest little evergreen room, formed by the dropping branches of the spruce-tree.

"What a grand playhouse, Henry! We'll have this tunnel for our private entrance, and nobody else can come in. Just look at the birds hidden in the branches from the storm—all kinds."

Both boys peered excitedly through the opening in the end of the tunnel at the birds.

"I don't see what they can find to eat," said Ned. "Let's go into the house and get them some food, they must be nearly starving by this time."

The children ran to the house and called to their mother, asking if she could give them anything for the cold, hungry birds.

"My teacher says beef suet is fine for them in winter," Henry suggested, "and chickadees like nuts and sunflower seeds."

"The boys hurried back through the tunnel with their hands full of food. Hearing away the small amount of snow that was under the evergreen boughs, they scattered the seed and nut meats on the ground. Then they untied the suet on the branches and kept back into the tunnel, where they could see all that happened. Immediately the ground was covered with chickadees and other seed-eating birds, while woodpeckers, nutcrackers and others were feasting on the suet ravenously. There was quite a chirping after they had eaten a few minutes, as though the birds were doing the best they could to find little morsels for their thoughtful friends."

Ned and Henry kept food under the spruce-tree all winter, and called the snug shelter made by drooping branches, "Evergreen Inn." The birds came into the little enclosure and perched on their heads and shoulders in the most friendly manner. Henry, who was a good whistler, learned to imitate their notes and they would answer him.

Both boys enjoyed their bird friends and Evergreen Inn so much that they

felt sorry to see the snow melt and to have the birds leave the old spruce-tree for the open woods, but they were looking forward to seeing them return when the snow is deep again.

### FRENCH CHILDREN.

"I sometimes boast of my memories," said Uncle Sam. "For I was quite a lad when the Civil war began, but they don't amount to much compared with those the boys and girls of France will carry throughout their lives."

"Suppose while you were working away as usual in the old school room a whistle were to sound—a siren, so that there might be no mistake about your hearing it. And suppose you and all the other boys and girls started for safety the instant you heard it, rushing pell-mell into the cellar. Suppose a big shell were to fall, demolishing five or six houses and damaging as many more and covering the schoolyard with splinters. These shells would come every fifteen minutes and you would stay in the dark till the bombardment was over, but you would be worrying over your mothers, and big sisters who were working in the open (the fathers and big brothers are all away at the battle front). Even the children of France have to carry burdens now-days."

There was an expression on Oscar's face that led Uncle Sam to continue: "No doubt you think there would be some first rate excitement in that situation, but suppose you were to go home after it was over and find your home gone?"

"Yes," indeed, that happens," said Janet. "I read the other day a story that a lady who had visited France told here in Chicago. She said that twenty of the refugees who had been brought to Paris were asked one day in school to make pictures of a home. When the drawings were handed in it was found that seventeen of the children had drawn a house in flames. A house burning up was what seemed most natural to them, poor things!"

Jimmie looked rather sober. "Can we do anything?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," replied Uncle Sam. "There is an American society that collects funds and forwards them to a committee in Paris that works under the direction of the French government, to feed and clothe these destitute children. It costs only \$2 a month to feed one of these children—10 cents a day, and one may have the name of the child for whom his money is used and receive letters from him or his mother. A fruit of mine has a picture of the child he is helping."

"Oh, Uncle Sam," cried Janet, "do adopt one of those orphans! We'll adopt in to pay every month. Ask the committee to select a girl and let me correspond with her in French. I could do over so many things to please her. We would be friends, and I should learn to read and write French better—mademoiselle will help. Please do, Uncle Sam!"

"Well, maybe I will. I shall have to consult Mrs. Walter Brewster of Lake Forest and learn to get into the game. I guess that among us we can raise ten cents a day for Janet's orphan."

### LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

A Picnic in the Woods.

Dear Uncle Jed: One fine summer morning Bess, Rob and Louis started out to spend the day in the woods, taking old Jacob along to protect them from harm.

To Bess, who had never been in the woods before, it was a wonderful day and a fairy tale all in one. Through the lacelike network of leaves the sun sent its golden shafts of light.

The scarlet berries, the feathery ferns, the soft green moss, the purple sea of foxgloves, nature's harmony of light and color made the spot most beautiful.

All the morning they roamed about, Bess finding new treasures on every hand.

At length they began to feel hungry, so Jacob and Rob gathered the firewood. Louis built the fire while Bess filled the kettle and set it on to boil. Then she spread the tablecloth on the mossy ground and placed upon it dainties mother had prepared for them. What good things there were in the baskets!

The bakery white biscuits spread with golden butter, the delicious cakes and cookies which tasted so good to the children that they ate every crumb. Then as a surprise there was the kind old Jacob had picked for them.

After finishing their dinner they found favorite seats on the gnarled roots of old trees and sat down to plan how they should spend the afternoon.

They decided to gather some lovely wild flowers and make bouquets for their dear mother. This was mother's birthday and she was to take tea in the club room in honor of the event.

The children picked many beautiful bouquets and tied them up with bright colored ribbons.

They then departed for home, having spent a most delightful day in the woods.

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### Benefit for the Red Cross.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the day we had for the benefit of the Red Cross. It was held Sunday, July 14th, 1918, at 2 p. m.

We had six girls and one boy for actors. They were Hannah Curland, Eva, Rose and Morris Mogel, Mary Blumenthal and Rose Weiner.

The first thing on the program was A Real Patriot, by Eva Mogel, Morris Mogel and Rose Weiner.

2. There's a Service Flag Flying at Our House, by Rose Weiner.

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4. A Spanish Waltz, by Rose Weiner.

5. Just Break the News to Mother, by Hannah Curland and Rose Weiner.

6. The Naughty Nurse, by Hannah Curland, Rose Mogel and Rose Weiner.

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9. The Sabbath Play, by all.

10. Poor Butterfly, by Hannah Curland and Rose Weiner.

11. The Red Cross, by Mary Blumenthal and Eva Mogel. At the end of this act Rose Weiner went around collecting money in a soldier's hat and earned \$0.31.

12. The Honeybees, by Rose Weiner.

13. Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight, by Hannah Curland and Rose Weiner.

14. The Handkerchief Dance, by Rose Weiner.

15. Liberty Bell, Keep the Home Fires Burning, The Star Spangled Banner, and My Country, Tis of Thee, were sung by the audience and actors.

I had the play in my yard. I had a tent put up and decorated it with American flags. We earned \$4.52. We brought the money to the Red Cross the next day. They thanked us for it and put a piece about it in the paper.

ROSE WEINER.

### BRIEF STATE NEWS

New Britain.—The number of hunters' licenses issued at the town clerk's office to date this year is 257 as against 420 a year ago.

Deep River.—Some mean thief broke into the grammar school building a

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